

roleplaying in the dark is harder than it seems

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roleplaying in the dark is harder than it seems

by Anonymous

Summary

"You made a mistake taking George. Let him go, and I'll consider being nice."

"Like hell I will. He's mine now."

"...You guys are idiots."

Notes

credit to itisjosh for the laser tag idea i stole it from him sorry :(anyway go sub to him so you can read his when it comes out <https://archiveofourown.org/users/itisjosh>

this was very quickly written

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George thinks that this whole laser tag idea was a fucking mistake.

Not only is he colorblind, but it's also horrendously dark in here. It doesn't help that he's had the misfortune of being friends with the dumbest fucking idiots on Earth.

Sapnap grins, the barrel of his gun pressing hard against his lower back. George scowls when he feels the weapon nudge him, a signal to move forward. "C'mon Georgie, you know he's coming. Can't be dilly dallying."

"I fucking hate you," He mutters, taking a few cautious steps forward. Why did he agree to come again? Right, because Dream, being the psychopath he is, would've literally kidnapped him if he said no. Sometimes he wonders how Dream hasn't been arrested on multiple accounts of assault and housebreaking. But at the same time, he's not very surprised. Dream is a Florida Man through and through. He'd probably outrun them anyway.

Sapnap giggles a little, walking beside him. God, it's so fucking dark in here. George hisses when his foot catches onto the corner of a wall, almost tripping in the process. "Can you just shoot me already?"

Even with the minimal amounts of lighting, he can see the ravenette making a face. "Where's the fun in that?" There's some shuffling, presumably from his friend adjusting the glowing chestplate they all had to wear, and then Sapnap nudges him left. George turns obediently, sighing a little when he hears the familiar call.

"Oh Sapnap!" Dream's voice rings out across the arena, over the sounds of everyone else. George is pretty sure the only ones who've gotten out so far are Niki, Tommy, Minx, and Spifey. The others are way too fucking good at dodging, which doesn't surprise him that much as they're friends with Dream and *Vurb*, of all people. God, he can hear Ranboo's screams as he runs away from a maniacal Tubbo—Big Crime—and it's honestly funny but so, so sad at the same time. There's a long moment of tense silence and heavy breathing, and then another gleeful shout, "I can see your stupid white headband, Sapnap!"

Sapnap curses under his breath, glancing over his shoulder. His headband is stark white against his hair, almost glowing in the light. He nudges for George to move faster, and the brunette does so with a roll of his eyes.

"You can't run forever, Sappy Nappy!" Dream wheezes. He can hear the footsteps as they get closer, weaving through the walls and leaping over obstacles with ease. Dream is far too athletic for his own good. George sighs, strafes to the side to avoid running into a wall.

There's a terrifying few moments when Dream falls quiet, even his footsteps fading. That's a bad sign in itself. Sapnap knows this too, and halts their walking to ready his gun. The glowing red on

it shines even through the darkness. One finger moves to the trigger, orange eyes darting around to scan the surroundings behind them.

George startles when a familiar freckled face peeks out from behind the wall just in front of him, a white-toothed grin stretching across his friend's—boyfriend's—face. Sapnap yanks him back immediately, one gun pointed straight at Dream's blue chestplate, and the other directed towards George's. "You move once, and I'll shoot."

Dream grins wider, his green gaze glinting. His own gun is aimed straight at the enemy's red chestpiece. "You wouldn't." He sneers.

Sapnap raises an eyebrow, his hand moving to the trigger. He giggles a little, something a little maniacal hidden in it, "You wanna test that, Dreamie?"

"Fucking shoot me already." George grumbles, holding back the urge to facepalm when the other two both look at him. This is so dumb. If only his friends weren't so dramatic. "You guys are idiots."

He is promptly ignored. The blond smirks, raising his gun a little. "You made a mistake taking George." His voice is low, rough, and there's a hint of a threat in it. George thinks that the few months Dream spent in the theatre club (he only joined because Wilbur and Tommy had goaded him into it) really paid off, because even though they all know well enough that Dream is just screwing around, his tone still makes the brunette's hairs stand on end. "Let him go, and I'll consider being nice."

"Like hell I will," Sappnap laughs mockingly, "he's mine now. You may be good, but even you can't get out of this situation."

What sucks, George thinks, is that he's right. They're at a stand still. There's no way that Dream would be able to both dodge Sappnap's shot, as well as stop him from shooting George. It's impossible.

Dream smirks, the finger around the trigger of his weapon curling tighter. "I think you forget," He says dramatically, waving around the dark arena, "I'm not the only one on my team." Sappnap blinks in bemusement. There's a few moments when nothing happens, when Dream just stares silently at the other two. George realizes what's happening a split second after he hears the cackle.

He hears the shouting first. And then Ranboo comes barreling out of nowhere, blue chestplate glowing bright in the darkness and gun held loosely in his hand. Tubbo is following close after, psychopathic giggles escaping him as he chases down the taller boy. George slips to the side just in time, while Sapnap sees it a split second later than he needs to. The ravenette is knocked over when the Ranboo comes running through in his mad dash to escape Tubbo. Dream lets out a loud ‘YES!’ that rings through the arena, throwing his hands up in the air victoriously for a moment before grinning and moving forward to point his gun down at a groaning Sapnap. “Told you, Sap. Georgie is mine.”

There’s a dramatic pause when Sapnap glares defiantly up at the blond, knowing he’s lost but not wanting to admit it. Dream pulls the trigger, and it’s rather anticlimatic because then the stupid *pew pew* sound of the gun firing sounds in the air, and then the wail of the glowing red fading from Sapnap’s chestplate. George had almost forgotten that they’re in a laser tag arena made for fucking kids, and the stupid sound effects after all that overdramatic roleplay make them all burst into laughter. Dream wheezes, doubling over as he clutches his stomach. Sapnap, meanwhile, is chuckling into his hand, despite his rather unfavorable position on the probably filthy ground. George rolls his eyes, but he’s smiling nonetheless, even as Dream helps Sapnap up and shoves him in the direction of the stands, where the people who’ve gotten out go to wait. “Get out of here.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know.” He grumbles, brushing off his jeans. George blows out a puff of air, watching in amusement as Sapnap shuffles off into the darkness, white headband steadily becoming less visible. Eventually he disappears altogether. Dream turns to him with a smirk.

“What?” George stares at him, eyebrows furrowing a little in confusion. He has a vague idea of what’s going to happen next. The blond is strangely predictable when it comes to these kinds of things. “Don’t look at me like that.”

“But George,” Dream whines, “I saved you! Where’s my reward?” He steps closer, making the brunette roll his eyes. His nose wrinkles a little in mock disgust when Dream noses at his cheek, breath blowing hot on the flushed skin. “Georgeee…”

“What do you want?” He asks, laughing a little at the pout he receives in return. It’s fairly obvious what the younger wants, but George likes to pretend like it’s not.

“Kissies.” He says simply. Of course. George sighs, leaning up to press a quick peck to the taller’s cheek. Dream scowls unhappily, “George!”

“What? You got a kiss.” He points out, giggling a little at the exasperated look he gets in return. “What?”

The blond whines in the back of his throat, hands grabbing at the straps of the older's chestplate to pull him closer. He feigns exasperation when Dream puckers his lips, "C'mon, Georgie poo. Gimme a real kissy."

"You're an idiot." He deadpans, leaning away. Warmth flutters in his chest, an affectionate smile threatening to break through the facade of annoyance he's put on. Even despite his harsh words, he smiles a little and places another kiss at the corner of the student's mouth. Dream hums quietly, eyes closing when George's lips brush softly against his. A satisfied rumble sounds in the back of Dream's throat when he presses their lips gently together.

And then he hears the loud, unmistakable sound of someone getting shot.

Immediately Dream is grabbing at his weapon, moving to shoot whoever had just interrupted them, but he hears the second wail, and then his chestplate's light is dying too. George blinks, turning around to see a pink-haired man glowing red.

"Did I come at a bad time?" Techno raises his eyebrows, taking in their positioning. George flusters immediately, shoving the blond away and shaking his head. Dream yelps, stumbles a little, and somehow manages not to trip. A shame, really, he kind of deserves it. "Uh..."

"Nope." He clears his throat awkwardly, ignoring the way his voice has become unnaturally high. "You're fine. Good shot."

Dream walks up, staring mournfully down at his gun, now a dull gray as the blue had faded out of it. "Fuck you, Technoblade."

"Love is a weakness," is all Techno replies with, and then he disappears.

Dream scowls after him, turning to a very pink-faced George. "Alright, guess we have to go join Sapnap now."

"Right," he says. George could never understand how Dream is so casual about being caught, or so open with his affection. It bemuses him to no end how easily the blond can say 'I love you' to others, or even just kiss George in front of everyone. Dream's hand moves towards his, looking as if it's almost instinctual, and he's tugging him along towards the stands. "We could've won that," George adds on with a teasing grin, "if only you weren't such a simp."

“Only for you, George.”

In the end, the red team wins the game. After a long, dramatic spiel from a near insane Wilbur about the loss of his friends and the betrayal of his family, Phil shoots him in the back. He honestly doesn't know why his friends like to roleplay so much. But Dream finds it incredibly entertaining, and George likes hearing Dream's laugh, so he figures it's not half as bad as it could be. It does make things a little more fun.

Ranboo, on the other hand, may or may not be traumatized.

End Notes

i hate this LOL anyway follow my twitter @Alienu_

josh has twitter too @ItIsJoshBro he's kind of cool ig

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